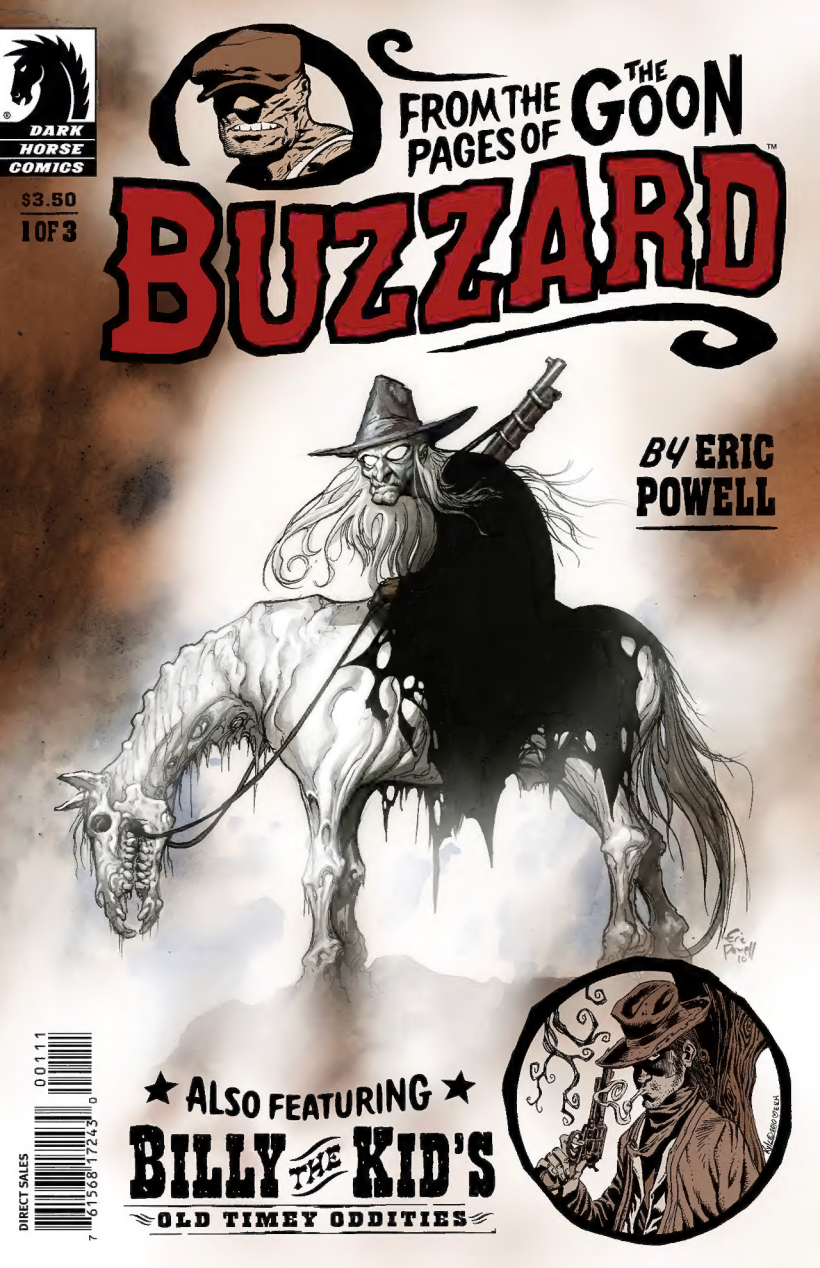
DARK HORSE COMICS
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1 OF 3
FROM THE PAGES OF THE GOON
BUZZARD
BY ERIC POWELL
★ ALSO FEATURING ★
BILLY THE KID'S
OLD TIMEY ODDITIES
DIRECT SALES

DARK HORSE COMICS

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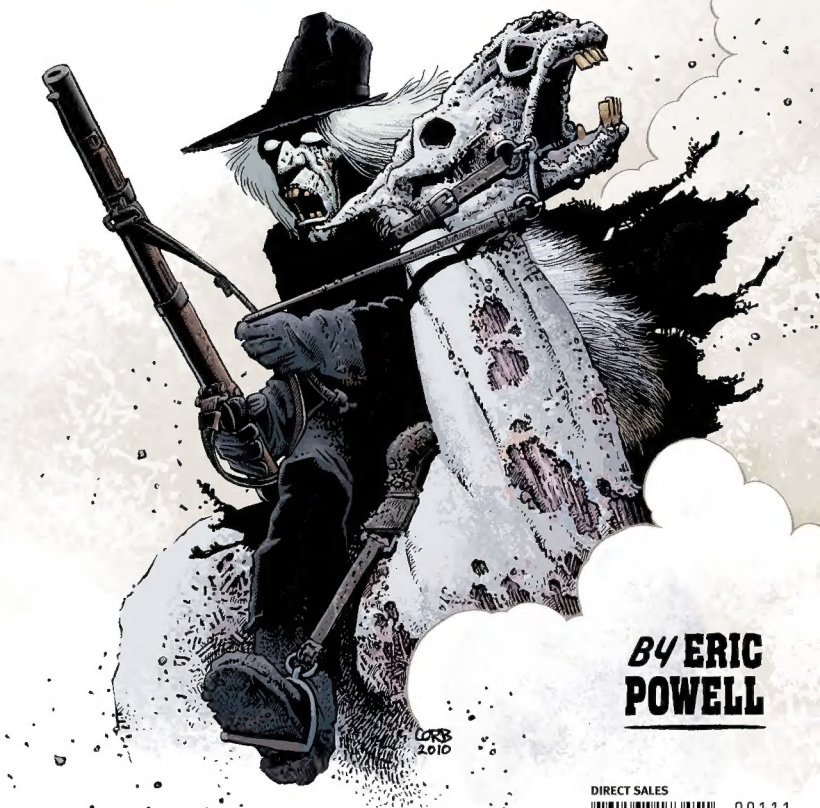
1 OF 3

FROM THE PAGES OF THE GOON

BUZZARD™



BY ERIC POWELL

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BUZZARD

NUMBER ONE

BY ERIC POWELL
COLORS BY DAVE STEWART
LETTERS BY ERIC POWELL & NATE PIEKOS

BILLY THE KID'S OLD TIMEY ODDITIES & THE PIT OF HORRORS

PART ONE OF THREE

BY ERIC POWELL AND KYLE HOTZ
COLORS BY DAN BROWN · LETTERS BY NATE PIEKOS AT BLAMBOT™

COVER ART BY ERIC POWELL
ALTERNATE COVER ART BY RICHARD CORBEN WITH DAVE STEWART

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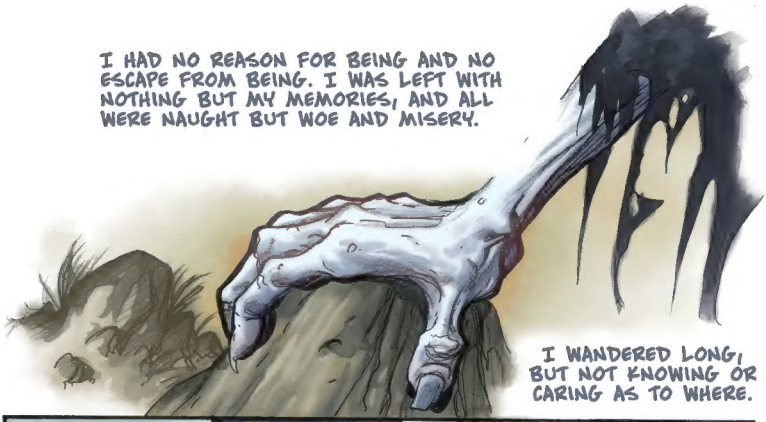
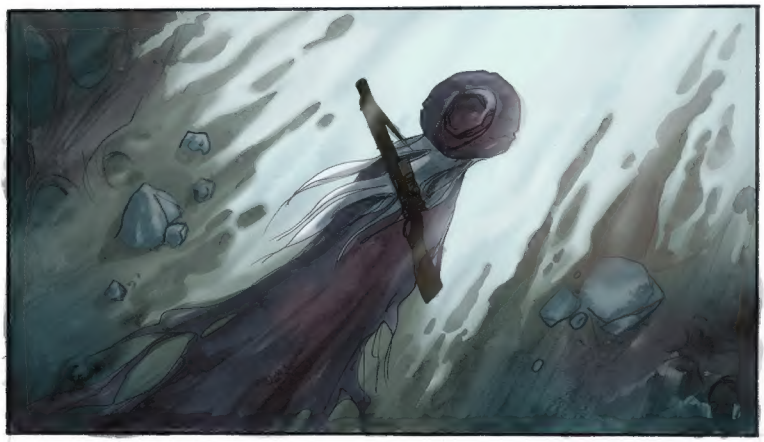
I DON'T REMEMBER MY RIGHT NAME, BUT SOME FOLKS CALL ME BUZZARD.

A DEMON THAT WORE THE SKIN OF A MAN LAID A CURSE ON ME LONG AGO. TURNED ME INTO SOMETHING INHUMAN.
I HUNTED HIM YEARS BEYOND RECKONING. I PLANNED TO KILL HIM, YA SEE.
THOUGHT IT WAS MY DESTINY.
BUT WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT, I DIDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER.
TAKE IT OFF ME!

ALL I WANTED WAS FOR IT TO BE OVER.
BUT THE CURSE COULD NOT BE LIFTED.
WHATEVER CURSE I PUT ON YOU HAS LONG SINCE VANISHED. I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE.
I HAVE KNOWN SUFFERING IN MY LIFE THAT I WOULD WISH ON NO MAN, AND I ACCEPTED IT AS MY FATE. BUT NOW I DEEPLY AND TRULY DESPAIRED.
A DESPAIR THAT IS SO GREAT AS TO MAKE IT A SIN. FOR IT'S THE END OF ALL HOPE AND FAITH.

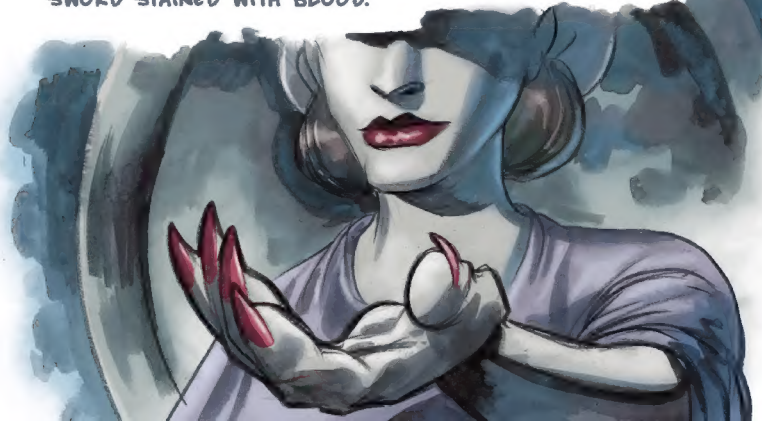

I HAD NO REASON FOR BEING AND NO ESCAPE FROM BEING. I WAS LEFT WITH NOTHING BUT MY MEMORIES, AND ALL WERE NAUGHT BUT WOE AND MISERY.
I WANDERED LONG, BUT NOT KNOWING OR CARING AS TO WHERE.

FORMERLY, ON OCCASION, I HAD WALKED AMONGST SPIRITS WHILST I SLEPT IN A HAUNTED FOREST. I KNOW NOT HOW. I RECKON IT WAS THE CHANGE PUT UPON ME.



BUT NOW, AS I WALKED BLINDLY ALONG, WITH MY HEAD HUNG LOW AND THOUGHTS OF NOTHING BUT ENDING MY MOCKERY OF A LIFE, I BECAME AWARE THAT, LIKE A MAN TRODDING THROUGH A PUDDLED STREET, I WAS STEPPING THROUGH WHAT I RECKONED TO BE DIFFERENT PLACES. DIFFERENT TIMES, ALIEN TO MY OWN.

I SAW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SITTING ON A THRONE. SHE WAS GUARDED BY A MASSIVE HOUND AND HELD A SWORD STAINED WITH BLOOD.



SHE BECKONED TO ME, BUT I REFUSED HER. I KEPT WALKING.
I SAW A SOLDIER BROKEN ON THE FIELD.
I TRIED TO COMFORT HIM, BUT HE ONLY CRIED WHEN HE SAW ME.

HE DIED MOMENTARILY.
I WAS FAMISHED, BUT DID NOT FEED ON HIS REMAINS.
HIS DEAD AND ROTTED HORSE LAY NEARBY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT COMPELLED ME, BUT I LAID MY HAND UPON THE ANIMAL WITH PURPOSE.

THE THING STIRRED AND ROSE UP TO ME.
I WAS NOT SURPRISED BY THIS OUTCOME, BUT AGAIN KNEW NOT WHY. I MOUNTED THE GHASTLY BEAST AND RODE FORTH THROUGH THE MIST.

I CANNOT TELL YOU IF I SPENT HOURS OR YEARS WANDERING ON THE BACK OF THAT DEAD HORSE.
BUT EVENTUALLY THE MIST CLEARED, AND THE SOUND OF A RUCKUS COULD BE HEARD.
I SAW A MESS OF HAIRY MEN BRUTALIZING SOME FOLKS.

I BEHELD A PALE HORSE! AND HE WHO SAT UPON HIM WAS DEATH, AND HE KEPT HELL IN HIS POCKET!

I THOUGHT I SHOULD PROBABLY KILL THOSE HAIRY MEN, SO I DID.

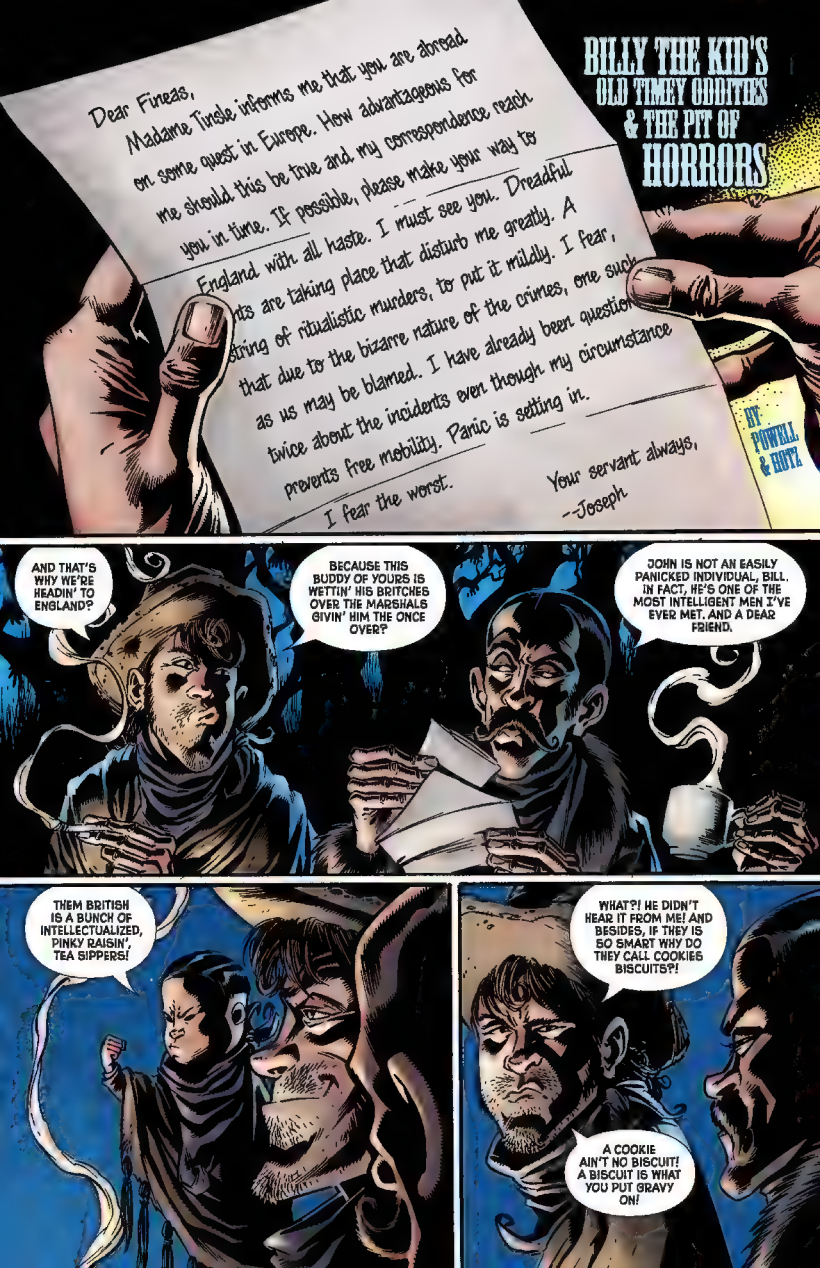
AS I COULD NOT CONTROL MY HUNGER, I LAID INTO ONE OF THEM HAIRY MEN.
HE EATS THE DEAD!
PLEASE PARDON MY APPETITES, FOLKS.
ARE YOU A GOD?
I RECKON NOT.
BUT YOU KILLED THE MANGLED ONES!
RECKON I DID.
STRANGER, I AM CHIEF OF THESE FOLKS. PLEASE, COME TO OUR HALL AND SIT A SPELL, WON'T YOU?
I SUPPOSE I COULD REST A BIT.

WE SHOULD SLIT HIS THROAT AND EAT HIM! GAIN HIS POWER LIKE HE DID WITH THE MANGLED ONES!
HUSH, OLD WOMAN! YOU OF ANYONE SHOULD KNOW DEATH WHEN YOU SEE HIM! RILE HIM UP AND HE'LL WHISPER DEATH WORDS IN YOUR EAR AT NIGHT AND YOU'LL NEVER WAKE UP!
I SAT WITH THEM FOLKS, AND ALL THEY DID WAS YAP ABOUT HOW TROD UPON THEY WAS.
TURNS OUT THEM THINGS THEY CALLED THE MANGLED ONES WAS ACTUALLY THEIR KIN.

I DIDN'T RIGHTLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY WAS TALKING ABOUT, BUT SEEMS SOME KIND OF MONSTER GOD OR SPIRIT OR SOMETHING HELD SWAY OVER THESE PARTS AND WOULD KIDNAP THE MENFOLK AND TURN THEM INTO THEM THINGS FOR SOLDIERS.
THESE FOLKS SEEMED A RIGHT COWARDLY BUNCH TO ME. WOULD DO NOTHING FOR THEMSELVES.
THEY OFFERED ME ALL MANNER OF TREASURES IF I'D ASSASSINATE THIS THING FOR THEM. LIVESTOCK. GOLD. THEIR UNSPOILED DAUGHTERS.
THEY SAYS TO ME, "ONLY DEATH CAN KILL A GOD."

I DIDN'T MUCH CARE FOR THESE FOLKS. BUT IT WAS SOMETHING TO DO. AND I'LL ADMIT, THE THOUGHT CROSSED MY MIND THAT MAYBE A GOD COULD KILL WHATEVER I WAS AND THAT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT.
TELL THAT FEMALE TO PUT HER CLOTHES BACK ON. I'M TOO OLD FOR SUCH THINGS. I'LL TAKE THE JOB. I DON'T NEED NO GOATS OR TAIL.
THEY SHUFFLED SOME BOY OFF WITH ME. TO SHOW THE WAY. HE WAS EAGER ENOUGH, SO I DIDN'T BEGRUDGE THEM COWARDLY FOLKS NONE.

TO BE CONTINUED

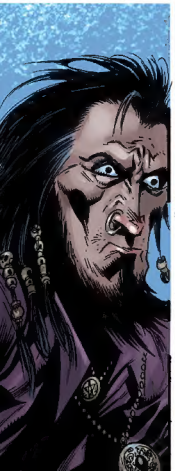

BILLY THE KID'S
OLD TIMEY ODDITIES
& THE PIT OF
HORRORS
BY: POWELL & HOTZ
Dear Fineas,
Madame Tinsle informs me that you are abroad on some quest in Europe. How advantageous for me should this be true and my correspondence reach you in time. If possible, please make your way to England with all haste. I must see you. Dreadful acts are taking place that disturb me greatly. A string of ritualistic murders, to put it mildly. I fear, that due to the bizarre nature of the crimes, one such as us may be blamed. I have already been questioned twice about the incidents even though my circumstance prevents free mobility. Panic is setting in.
I fear the worst.
Your servant always,
--Joseph
AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE HEADIN' TO ENGLAND?
BECAUSE THIS BUDDY OF YOURS IS WETTIN' HIS BRITCHES OVER THE MARSHALS GIVIN' HIM THE ONCE OVER?
JOHN IS NOT AN EASILY PANICKED INDIVIDUAL, BILL. IN FACT, HE'S ONE OF THE MOST INTELLIGENT MEN I'VE EVER MET, AND A DEAR FRIEND.
THEM BRITISH IS A BUNCH OF INTELLECTUALIZED, PINKY RAISIN', TEA SIPPERS!
WHAT?! HE DIDN'T HEAR IT FROM ME! AND BESIDES, IF THEY IS SO SMART WHY DO THEY CALL COOKIES BISCUITS?!
A COOKIE AIN'T NO BISCUIT! A BISCUIT IS WHAT YOU PUT GRAVY ON!

WELL, JEFFREY, SINCE YOU DIDN'T HEAR THAT FROM BILLY, THE ONLY KIND OF PERSON WHO WOULD INSULT SOMEONE FOR BEING INTELLIGENT IS A DIMWITTED BUFFOON WHO IS AFRAID THEIR OWN IGNORANCE WILL BE EXPOSED.
AND IF I EVER AGAIN HEAR YOU REPEAT INSULTS THAT SOME IGNORANT PERSON HAS SAID, IT'S A LETTER STRAIGHT HOME TO YOUR MOTHER.
GULP
YES, SIR!
FINEAS, SOMETHING IS WRONG HERE. I DO NOT LIKE THIS PLACE. MY SKIN CRAWLS.
LET ME SEE.
FINEAS! HERE! IT'S HORRIBLE!

STAY PUT AND LOOK AFTER THE WAGON, KID!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY DONE BUSHWHACKED SOME GYPSIES!
MÖRDER!*
WHAT THE HELL?!
*MURDERERS!

IHR SEID NICHT DIE GEISTER! WER SEID IHR? WAS MACHT IHR HIER?*
SIR, I BELIEVE THERE HAS BEEN SOME MISUNDERSTANDING.
MURDERIN' BUSHWACKER!
I DON'T THINK SO, WILLIAM.
*YOU ARE NOT THE SPIRITS! WHO ARE YOU?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

SPRECHT VERSTÄNDLICHER! WAS REDET IHR DA?*
DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH? SPRECHEN SIE ENGLISCH?
NEIN!
WELL, THAT'S THE EXTENT OF MY GERMAN. LETS TRY FRENCH. PARLEZ-VOUS DU FRANÇAIS?
À HABLA USTED A MEXICANO?
*SPEAK PLAIN! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!



WELL, HE DON'T SPEAK NO MEXICAN EITHER. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF LUCK.
SOME GREAT PROTECTOR YOU TURNED OUT TO BE! AREN'T YOU GUNFIGHTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE TWO GUNS?

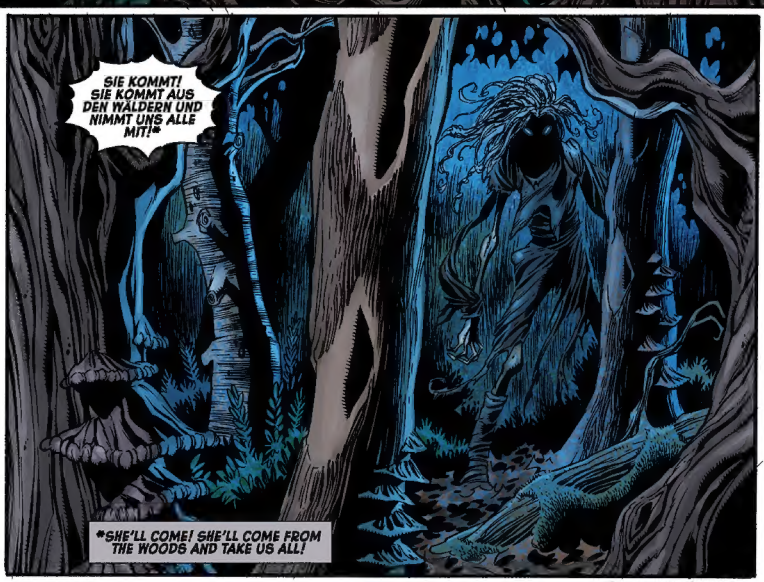
I DO GOT TWO! ONE IN THE HOLSTER AND ONE THAT LAYS SCABBARDED UNTIL THERE'S A WILLING FEMALE ABOUT! HEH! HEH!

IHR LACHT UND SPOTTET ÜBER MEINE PEIN! IN DIESEN WÄLDERN GEHEN NUR TEUFEL UMHER! IHR SEID MIT DEN GEISTERN IM BUNDE, DIE MEINEN SOHN STAHLEN!*
*YOU LAUGH! YOU MOCK MY PAIN! YOU MUST BE DEVILS TO BE IN THESE WOODS! YOU WORK WITH THE SPIRIT WHO TOOK MY SON!

THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF HIM!
ADIOS, YOU MURDERIN' PIECE OF--

NO, WILLIAM. THESE PEOPLE WERE NOT SHOT. THEY WERE BUTCHERED, AND THERE IS NO BLOOD ON THIS MAN.
HE MAY BE ONE OF THE SURVIVORS. WE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE NEXT VILLAGE AND LET THE AUTHORITIES DEAL WITH HIM.
POOR DEVIL MAY HAVE BEEN DRIVEN MAD BY THE EXPERIENCE.
WELL, IF HE AIN'T THE BUSHWACKER, IT MEANS THEY MAY STILL BE OUT THERE. WE BETTER PACK UP AND LIGHT OUTTA HERE.

NARREN! KEINER WIRD DIE NACHT ÜBERLEBEN!*
I'M GETTING' REAL SICK OF THAT FELLA'S YAPPIN'!
HE SOUNDS LIKE THIS, "YIGGEN YAGGEN YIGGEN YAGGEN!!"
*FOOLS! WE'LL ALL BE DEAD BY MORNING!



TO BE CONTINUED...

JUNE 2010

HORSEPOWER!

"GROWING UP SOLAR"

The late '50s and early '60s were the hottest years of the cold war. Fellow oldsters, try explaining that to young pups. They have no idea. The imminent threat of World War III hung in the air like cigar smoke.

On October 4, 1957, the USSR launched Sputnik, the first Earth-orbiting artificial satellite. I was six. Suddenly, the USA was suffering a "science and education gap" to go with the "bomber gap" we already had, and the soon-to-come "missile gap." Those nasty Russkie-commies were ahead of us on everything!

There was a cloud of fear that exerted a subtle, ambient pressure. Some kids were impervious to it. I wasn't. It got to me. No one ever told me I had to grow up to be a scientist. On my own, I decided that I was going to help beat those commies to the moon, which was important for some reason.

In school and after school, I applied myself. I read like a child possessed. I read the *World Book Encyclopedia* cover to cover, for instance. In fourth grade, they gave us a reading test. My reading level was off the scale.

I devoured books on science. The words, I grokked—the math, though, was daunting for a kid. My neighbor was a premed student. In exchange for me playing chess with him occasionally, he taught me algebra, calculus . . .

In ninth grade, I entered a scholarship contest sponsored by a huge chemical company. Many hundreds of top students from all over the tristate area took their extremely difficult chemistry test. All except me were juniors and seniors who had taken Chem 2. I hadn't even taken Chem 1 yet. I finished sixth, out of the money. Maybe next year . . .

In high school, I took all the math and science they offered. I also took an extra after-school class that involved conducting actual research under the guidance of University of Pittsburgh scientists.

As with any challenging profession, the people who are good at science *love* it—eat, sleep, and breathe it. I figure that Doctor Phillip Solar is that kind of guy. I was too, but . . .

The other childhood passion I had was *comic books*. Especially a newfangled title, *The Amazing Spider-Man*, about a young science student, Peter Parker. The science was bogus, but the stories were cool and I related to the fact that the guy was poor, like me.

Then, along came *Doctor Solar, Man of the Atom*. The science wasn't exactly cutting edge. Doctor Solar was empowered mysteriously—no reason why ever offered—after being trapped in a chamber that housed an atomic pile. An *atomic pile*? Atomic piles were antiquated more than a decade before. But his creator, Paul S. Newman, was making an attempt that I appreciated. He flung around words like *roentgens*, *dosimeter*, and *ionization*. The doctor inspired me to do a lot of reading about nuclear physics.

Then, a funny thing happened on the way to the moon—I got a job writing comics. I wrote my first comic-book story when I was thirteen, sold it to DC Comics, and soon became a regular freelancer.

I didn't do it for fun, though it was. My family needed the money. So, every evening and weekend I worked. That didn't leave much time for extra studying. I never even entered the chemistry contest again. But, you know, by the summer after I graduated, we'd already beaten those commies to the moon, so that worked out okay. And all these years later, I'm still writing comics.

I've never regretted spending all that time studying science. I still keep up with the latest developments. The CERN Large Hadron Collider, for instance, fascinates me.

All the Dell/Gold Key characters that Dark Horse has put in my care are great, iconic, and exciting to write. They *demand* my best, and they're getting it. I have never worked so hard and loved it so much. Ah, but dedicated, passionate *scientist* Doctor Solar . . . he's special to me. I've been inside his skin. Growing up, we were the same kid.

—Jim Shooter

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YOU LOVE COMICS! WE LOVE COMICS, TOO!

Wes Dzioba is one of the most rock-star colorists on the planet—which makes him a top-notch pick for coloring other planets for titles like *Aliens*, *Predator*, and *Star Wars*. When he's not dabbling dyes in comics he might be watching B-horror flicks or updating his *luchador* mask collection.

Jim Demonakos started reading comics when he was seven and never looked back. He is the founder of The Comic Stop, the largest chain of comic-book stores in Washington State, and he organizes the Emerald City Comicon, the premier comic convention in the Northwest. He also writes songs for his nerd-rock band, Kirby Krackle.